ground about sundown, but all signs of life had disappeared. The remains of a Dr. Wizner, of Sibley's command, were found buried in a lonely grave; also, a number of dead horses and mules scattered around the battlefield.

During the return trip, in the night, the soldiers became uneasy and suspicious that the guides were not going in the right direction to reach camp, but about midnight their fears were allayed by Crazy Dog

PULLING UP THE TWO ARROWS

he had stuck in the ground in the daytime. They reached camp about daylight, having been in the saddle continuously for 24 hours.

The line of march was again taken up, swinging round to the south. During the day we found a few dead Indians lying on the prairie, whom we supposed had been wounded in the encounter with Gen. Sibley, and crawled off that far and died.

On the afternoon of Sept. 3, 1863, we went into camp after four days' marching, to await the return of a scouting party of four companies, sent to look for the Indian camp. In the evening we saw a soldier coming in from the west, his horse on the run, and five or six Indians in hot pursuit. As the soldier drew nearer we saw it was the half-breed Lafrumboy. As soon as the Indians discovered us they put back behind a hill.

The bugle blew to horse, and in 10 minutes we were after them. As we came to the top of the hill we saw a large body of Indians in the valley, who were not inclined to face our rush, and started on the run. An order for division soon passed along the line, the 6th Iowa Cav. taking the left and the balance of the command taking the right. The superior speed of our horses over the Indian ponies soon placed us in a position to flank them and bring the reds between the fire of the divided command, which was poured in upon them with deadly effect.

One hour of incessant fighting was too much for the reds, and they made a break through our lines, which finished the battle of White Stone Hill.

Our loss was 22 killed and 50 wounded, among the number killed being our Second Lieutenant, Levitt. As near as we could tell, we killed about 300 Indians. We also captured 250 squaws and papooses, 300 ponies and 60 tons of dried buffalo meat. We removed our captives to Fort Thompson Indian Agency, and turned them over to the agent.

As it was getting late in the season we were ordered to continue down the river and go into Winter quarters. We camped on American Creek. The night was one of the worst in our experience. We were camped on the open prairie, with nothing to build fires, and had to endure a regular Northwestern snowstorm. Many of the men were forced to keep moving all night to prevent freezing. The next morning a number of horses were found to have perished. We

STARTING THE CHASE.

arrived at Sioux City, Iowa, Nov. 6, where Co. B, with four or five others, went into Winter quarters, the balance of the command being stationed at other points.

II.

During the early Summer of 1864, while stationed at Sioux City, Iowa, Co. B received orders to join an expedition against the Indians in Dakota, to protect the frontier and open up a trail through to the Yellowstone country. The expedition was under Gen. Alfred Sulley, and consisted of about 2,000 troops.

On June 4, 1864, we started on the big march. Crossing the Big Sioux River six miles west of Sioux City, we took up our march in Dakota. We camped on the Vermillion River, at the town of the same name, which consisted of two or three small stores and a half-dozen houses. Our next camp, on the 8th, was at the Jim River. On the 9th we camped at the Capital, Yankton, which was a small town beautifully located on the north side of the Missouri River. Just north we saw new houses and evidences of an attempt to open up this wild country.

The 28th brought us to Cheyenne Creek. This is now in Potter County. In the morning as we started Capt. Fielner, our Topographical Engineer, with two soldiers, left the command and went off to the west to inspect a rock close to the Cheyenne. This rock had a flat, smooth surface some 15 feet wide, and on the top of it were three foot-prints imbedded in the rock about two inches. The Indians called this Medicine Rock. After examining the rock the Captain and two men started for the command.

We had one company of Dakota soldiers, called the Dakota scouts, in which there were about 20 Indian soldiers. They always marched or scouted ahead of the command. This company had reached the creek and picked out a camp. This is the camp Capt. Fielner and the two men were going to. When within about one mile of the scouts the trio picketed their horses with the intention of going down to the creek to get water and wait until the command came up.

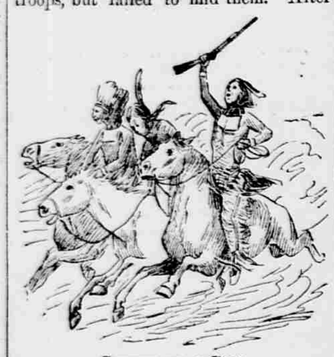
There was a heavy clump of bushes a few rods ahead of them, and as the men came near, the Captain in front,

BANG! WENT A GUN,

and the Captain was shot through the lungs. Three Indians rushed out of the bushes after the three horses, but the horses jerked up their picket pins and got away. Then the Indians took to their heels.

The soldiers got after them as soon as possible, and had to run about 15 miles before getting within gunshot. They killed the three Indians, cut off their heads, and brought them into camp a little after dark. Capt. Fielner lived until about 10 o'clock that night.

We camped on Swan Creek on the 29th, after a 15-mile march, where we expected to meet a lot of Minnesota troops, but failed to find them. After



COMING ON A RUN.

dark we sent up skyrockets, but got no answer. However, the troops arrived next day, accompanied by an immigrant train of 150 wagons—a colony on their way to Idaho. We now had about 3,000 soldiers in our command.

On July 9 we crossed to the west side of the Missouri River, and went into camp for a few days. It was the intention to erect buildings and establish Fort Rice there, and one regiment of Minnesota infantry was detailed for fort duty. The Government boat Isabella arrived and assisted us across the river. She was laden with supplies for the expedition and the new fort.

The command broke camp July 19 and started on our trip farther into the wild country, leaving the regiment of infantry and a few sick cavalrymen in charge of the fort. A march of 20 miles brought us to the Cannon Ball River, and we entered into a very different country from that on the east side of river. The grass was all buffalo, scenery the wonderful and fantastically-shaped buttes of which so much is written. They are apparently piled up around on the prairie from 100 to 500 feet high, in all manner of shapes, making at once a weird yet picturesque formation, which imparts a portion of its own lonesomeness to the beholder.

By the 24th of the month we had traveled very many miles and reached the Hart River. Here we corralled the wagon-train, left some soldiers and immigrants in charge, and on the 26th organized a scouting party. We saw plenty of Indian signs.

On the 28th we were in the saddle by 3 a. m., and had marched 20 miles, when the column was halted by the scouts coming back on the dead run and reporting a large Indian camp a few miles ahead of us. After a short conversation with the commander, through the interpreter, the scouts proceeded to a Headquarters wagon and

CHANGED THEIR INDIAN COSTUME

for soldiers' uniforms. This was a necessary precaution, so that they would not be confused with the hostiles.

The Orderlies were soon flying along the lines with orders. We commenced forming in line-of-battle, consisting of three lines, Co. B being in the middle, or second line.

After we were in proper position we ran our horses a few miles towards the Indians, halted, and each soldier No. 4 taking the horses and following to the rear.

After advancing and manuvering for a short time we were met by the reds about four miles out from their camp, the first gun being fired at 1:30 p. m. The usual desultory fire in front was engaged in by the reds to attract attention to that one point, with the intention of making a grand rush elsewhere. However, the scouts and officers seemed to anticipate surprises, and were constantly watching all quarters.

The first intimation the center and rear of the column had of any change was the sight of three or four cannon rushing past us to the rear as fast as the horses could run. Turning to the rear we saw several hundred red devils makfor our wagon-train, which was about a mile back of us. Fortunately their intentions were discovered in time, and the ready response of a cannon checked their wild ride before any serious damage resulted. After a few shells had been fired into the horde they concluded they had no further use for that wagon-train.

The prairie seemed alive with Indians bent on our immediate destruction. They dodged about behind rocks or whatever cover they could find, blazed away at us, and were out of sight again. The splendid discipline of the soldiers and

DESTRUCTIVE CANNONADING

would soon have decided the battle if the Indians had concentrated or massed as the soldiers; but this is not their way of fighting, and they presented a very irregular line for a return fire. This necessitated manuvering by the soldiers to secure the desired results from their mode of fighting.

[*To be continued.*]

Dr. Richardson figures that the blood flows through the body at the rate of seven miles an hour and 168 miles a day, and calculates that in a lifetime of 84 years it makes a journey of 5,180,880 miles.

The banana is the most prolific of all the fruits of the earth, being 44 times more productive than potatoes and 131 times more than wheat.

A WESTERN ENOCH ARDEN

Senora Jackson's bare little kitchen was aglow with light and warmth, and the Senora herself, baking *tortillas* for Jose's supper, was gay as a tropic bird in the gorgeousness of her attire. As for Jose, he sat on the doorstep in the moonlight, humming love-songs, and enjoying the odor of *chile con carne* which floated out from the kitchen.

The woman at her work chattered gayly with the man on the doorstep, her strong, white teeth gleaming with frequent laughter. A handsome woman of buxom figure, and full, sensual lips, with a child's boundless capacity for happiness, and a child's unthinking enjoyment of the moment, her emotions lay upon the surface, sounding no depths of love or hate. She was very happy to-night, for Jose was in good humor, which was not an occurrence so frequent as to escape notice. Jose had an overweening fondness for *mescal* and *aguardiente*, and the depth of his potations gauged the level of Maria's happiness. Jose was a lithe, wiry fellow, with a doubtfully handsome face—keen, black eyes too near together, and thin, eager lips, with a canine curl at the corners. Maria had learned to look for a certain cruel glint in the eyes and a restless twitching of the lips. That was the danger-mark. Beyond it lay the malice of a fiend, inscrutable, irresponsible; likely to find vent in anything, from the wasp-stings of bitter words to the angry thrust of a knife.

But to-night he was gay, and Maria was glad. When the *tortillas* were ready she called him cheerily to come and eat. Jose sprang to his feet, and, snapping his fingers like castanets, tripped lightly across the floor in graceful exaggeration of the *bolero*, while Maria, standing beneath a string of bright, red *chiles*, hung from the rafters to dry, laughed until her shadow on the white-washed wall assumed fantastic shapes. They were very merry over their frugal meal, which they ate with the greediness of those to whom life is not prodigal of pleasures. Jose's hand went often beneath the table and drew out the wine-jug, which grew much lighter as the meal progressed. Jose felt that the saints smiled upon him, and he laughed to himself as one who hugs a pleasant secret to his breast. But the laugh had a sinister ring, as Maria noted dubiously.

And as they ate and made merry, Fate, wearing the guise of a feeble, half-naked man, with long, untidy hair and beard, gaunt frame, and trembling limbs, was stumbling toward them through the grease-wood and cactus, with staring, hollow eyes. His hot brain seethed with bitter thoughts of them, and his cold heart knew no relenting. For over a year he had been lying in jail at Ensenada, this man—lying there without trial, in a damp, noisome cell, fighting fever and the rats, and he an American. The blight of the jail was still upon him, and he shivered, although the night was soft. He was footsore and weary with his 50-mile tramp across country; the *cholla* had torn his limbs and the "Turk's-head" pierced his feet. But he had held straight on with steady purpose and stumbling haste. His mind, eddying wildly about one central thought, faced now the future, now the past. God, what had he not suffered!—he, Dan'l Jackson, from the State of Maine, an American of the Americans. He clung tenaciously to these facts. He felt his identity slipping from him, and himself hurled, an avenging fate, upon the objects of his hatred. He thought he must be going mad, and strove to hold himself together by mentally rehearsing the past.

Ten years before, he had left his home on Passamaquoddy Bay, and sought wealth in the placer-mines of Mexico. He had been more successful than any of his fellows, had "struck it rich," in fact, and at last, drifting into Tia Juana in the course of his idle wanderings, he fell in love with the place and with Maria, the only daughter of old Ramon Garcia. He could have had the girl for the asking and without the formality of wedlock, for old Ramon's eyes glittered at the *Americano's* obvious wealth and the girl loved finery better than anything except flattery. But there lingered some trace of the old Puritan stock in Dan'l Jackson's veins, and he married the girl before a Justice; which was no marriage at all from her Catholic point of view, but hard and fast enough from his. They had been happy, too; for Jackson left no wish of Maria's ungratified, and she sang like a lark from morn till night. As for Jackson, he cared for the girl only, and made few friends among the Mexicans. To one man, however—Jose Ruiz—he took a superficial liking for Maria's sake. Jose and Maria had grown up together, and Jose had been as much a part of old Garcia's household as of his father's, just across the *arroyo*. He seemed to Jackson an easy-going, good-natured fellow, without a thought beyond absorbing as much sunshine and *mescal* as daylight and his purse—or Jackson's—would admit.

Then came, close upon the honeymoon, Jackson's trip to Ensenada, to look after certain mining interests there, his quarrel with an official with "a pull," and—the jail. He had laughed, a little bitterly, to be sure, when he first looked out through the narrow, grated window of his cell. He had committed no crime and would soon be set free. True, he knew men who had been imprisoned, in Mexico, without trial, for months, or even years. But the letter he had written to the United States Government would set him right. Jose, too, was using his influence with certain powerful relatives, and all would soon be well. For a long time he was buoyed up by these hopes, but, as the months rolled by and release did not come, he fell sick from anxiety and close confinement in his filthy cell, and almost succumbed to the fever. At last he had no strength to struggle or even hope, and would have hanged himself to his cell-bars but for love of Maria.

Then, in the 13th month of his imprisonment, the door of his cell opened, and a man was thrust in—a Mexican and a murderer—who crouched all day long in the cell-corner, smoking cigarets. He was little better than a brute, and his manner repelled Jackson, who said little to the new-comer. But two men cannot live together thus—they must speak each other fair or fall upon each other's throats. It was Jackson who made the first advance, and the other soon proved loquacious enough. He had news of the outer world, too, and he came from Tia Juana. Then Jackson questioned him eagerly, fiercely. His tale was soon told, and it meant death to Jose Ruiz. Hate is often stronger than love. Within three days Jackson had cut his way out and started across country for his home, 50 miles away.

And at last he stood upon the verge of the *mesa* and saw, as in a dream, the low-walled, rambling, adobe house, the grove of pepper-trees, the little garden-patch with its dilapidated lath fence. Then, on a sudden as it seemed to him, his foot was on the step, and he crept cautiously across the veranda and peered through the open, uncurtained window. His greedy eyes took in every detail of the interior, and the smell of food, crazed though he was with hatred, turned him faint. He clung to the wall for support, and listened with abnormally keen ears to the talk within. Maria and Jose still lingered at the table, the latter grown talkative and boastful with much wine. As Jackson listened, he heard his own name spoken, sneeringly.

"*Carramba!* Yes," said Jose, smiting the table with his fist, "I have news of Jackson. The *Alcalde* will hold him no longer. He is to be set free to-morrow."

Maria uttered an exclamation of alarm. "*Dios mio!* Jose," she cried. "What shall we do? He will come here at once, and he will kill thee, my Jose."

The man at the window smiled grimly; the man at the table gave a hoarse laugh.

"He who starts for home does not always reach it," said Jose, with emphasis. "Fear nothing, *pobrecita*. Thy Jose will die of old age before the *Americano* shall slay him. Dost thou think I have no friends? The man will never reach Tia Juana. The *rurales* are to take him out of Ensenada and turn him loose in the hills. As they return, my friend, the *teniente*, will lose his revolver from the holster and ride back to find it. Should the others hear a distant shot—ah, well! they will not be too curious; but Senor Jackson will be seen no more."

There was a long silence. The man at the window could hear the ticking of the clock and the clink of a glass as Jose filled and drank.

Then came the woman's voice, thin and quavering with horror: "He will not do it. He must not do it, Jose. Surely there is some other way. Let us go away from here, let us"——

"It's too late, thou fool," cried Jose. "It will be over by daylight. Beside, the *Alcalde* wishes it. Some one is asking ugly questions about the *Americano* who has lain so long in jail. Thy 'Gringo' is a dead man, Maria."

The woman fell to weeping, and at last Jose rose with an oath.

"Howl for your 'Gringo' lover, you she-coyote," he cried, dropping the more affectionate "thou." "I have an errand at the village, and I look for smiles when I come home. If not, I know where they may be found."

"How long wilt thou be gone?" asked Maria, timidly.

"Two hours, at least," he answered, and, throwing open the door, he passed out so quickly that the man at the window had scant time to drop into the shadow of a great geranium and crouch there in the dust.

Jackson waited until the sound of Jose's footsteps died away, then crept toward the door. It was ajar, and he could see Maria sitting at the table, with her head bowed upon her outstretched arms. He sought to enter noiselessly, but the door creaked and Maria raised her head. She did not start nor cry out, but her face grew ashen and her eyes stared in terror. Jackson crossed the room, and, taking his rifle from the wall, saw that it was loaded; then he went to the table and sat down in Jose's place.

"I have come home, Maria," he said, simply, and helped himself to the food before him.

He was calm now—calm as Fate. The game was in his hands, and he would play it calmly to the end. He ate ravenously, like a famished dog, and, until he had satisfied his hunger, said not a word to the trembling woman opposite. Thrice she essayed to speak, but his upraised hand commanded silence. When at last he spoke, his voice had a hard monotony devoid of all emotion. His deadly earnestness was intensified, rather than made less, by the rugged simplicity of his language.

"I don't guess you was lookin' fer me, Maria," he said. "But I come because I had work to do. I don't guess there's very much ter be said. You've wrecked my life—you an' Jose—but ye done it with yer eyes open, an' took the chances. The game's gone agin ye; it's my play, an' I hold trumps. Jose seen his chance and took it. I made mine, an by the etarnal God, I'll use it well."

The woman attempted a justification. "But our marriage," she faltered. "There was no priest."

There was not even scorn in Jackson's reply. "I reckon it's bindin' enough ter justify what I'm a-goin' ter do," he said, slowly.

"What will you do?" she asked, hoarsely.

"I'm a-goin' ter kill him, Maria. I'm a-goin' ter shoot him down like the cur he is, here in this home, where he dishonored me."

"And me?" she asked hardly above a whisper.

"You," he said, wearily. "I'm a-goin"——then he stopped. His eyes, which had been staring dully, grew bright, and his gaze became fixed on something behind the woman's head.

"Hush," he said as she repeated her last question.

Maria believed him mad, and sat watching his expression for some clew to his purpose, some warning of impending danger. Surely, his worn brain was grappling with some wild fancy. Slowly he arose, and, passing behind Maria, who kept her eyes upon him constantly, turning her head that she might watch his slightest move, he took something from the shelf that held the lamp. As he returned to the table Maria watched him with the fascination of fear. Stooping, he drew the wine-jug from beneath the table, and poured out two glasses of the drink. Then he drew from his pocket that which he had taken from the shelf. It was a small, square phial with "POISON" printed in large, black letters on the label. Maria knew it well. It was strychnine, used to exterminate coyotes. Into one of the glasses of wine he poured a portion of the deadly mixture.

"Maria," he said, "I've changed my mind. I ain't a-goin' ter waste no lead on that coyote. I'm a-goin' ter pizen him, or, rather, you be."

He went close to the cowering woman and whispered in her ear. At his words, her eyes grew big with horror, her face blanched and the sweat gathered on her forehead. She slipped to the floor in an agony of terror and groveled there, her arms about his knees.

"No, no!" she shrieked. "Not that; not that. Jesu! I cannot do it. O, spare me, spare me, *ejeso mio*, and do not force that crime upon my soul!"

He shook her off roughly. "Listen!" he said, between set teeth. "It shall be done. You have killed my love, and now, by God, you shall kill Jose. You are good at lyin', lie ter him. Make friends with him. Make him drink. No tricks! I'll hold the drop on ye from the bedroom, an' ef you try to warn him, or ef you fail, I'll shoot. I've given ye a chance ter git out of this alive; take it er leave it."

When Jose came home he found Maria telling her beads beside the kitchen stove. As he entered she rose with feverish haste and repeated, like a lesson, the words she had to say.

"Jose," she said, "let us be friends. You are right; there is no safety for us if my husband comes. Better for us that he die in the hills than set foot within this house. Let us drive him from our thoughts, Jose, and—and drink." Her voice died away in a shuddering whisper, and she sank into a chair.

"What ails thee, Maria?" asked Jose, who, though drunk, could not fail to notice the horror on her face.

The bedroom door creaked warningly.

"It is nothing," said Maria, with an effort. "I was thinking of him. After all, he is my husband. But it is over now, and I am better. Let us drink to a peaceful future, Jose, here—and hereafter." She pushed the glass toward him and raised her own, spilling a little on the table and on her dress.

Jose seized his with a laugh. "Long life to wise men; death to fools!" he cried, and tossed it off at a draught. "*Carramba!* thy wine is something bitter. I must look to the barrel. Come, let us be happy. I will sing to thee Maria," and, taking his guitar from the corner, he sat down upon the table and sang. His back was toward the bedroom door, and over his shoulder Maria could see a pale face peering from the gloom. The tension was frightful, the contrast between the man's impending fate and the lightness of his mood appalling.

Jose sang well and with spirit. Jackson, glowering upon him from the bedroom, fingered his rifle nervously and prepared to shoot. Jose put forth an arm to draw Maria to him, the guitar fell with a crash, and his whole frame became convulsed. He swung partly around and clutched the table with a grip of iron. Jackson could see his features now. God, what a look! Every muscle of his face seemed drawn to the point of breaking, his eyes protruded, and their fixed and glassy stare seemed bent on him. It was too much. A wave of pity swept over the heart of the avenging husband, his rifle cracked, and the sufferings of Jose Ruiz were at an end.

As the shot rang out in the silence of the night Maria's overwrought nerves gave way, and she fell fainting to the floor. Jackson, coming out of the darkness of his room, paused a moment to look upon the living and the dead, then strode out into the night.—*Argonaut.*

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THE CAPTAIN AN AUTOCRAT.

On the Big Ocean Grayhounds the "Old Man" is Supreme in Authority.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

From the humblest craft that crawls across the Atlantic in 11 or 12 days to the flyers that smash records in a week between New York and Liverpool, discipline of the most rigid and severe character is maintained on board. The Captain's word is law in everything. The Czar of all the Russias is not more autocratic than the Captain of an ocean steamer. As a general thing he is a genial gentleman and a scholar. He sits at the head of the principal table, and it is always a distinction to be given a place near him or even a seat at his table. This distinction he confers himself, leaving the selection of the seats of the other passengers to the chief steward or the second steward. As a general thing the skipper is a fund of anecdote. He is a well-seasoned old fellow in the first place, and, then, his contact with many men of many minds, especially the close contact that one gains at sea, gives him an experience of men and things that all the books in the world would fail to impart.

He controls everything on board, down even to the manners of his passengers when they need supervision. If a man should prove himself distasteful to his companions at the dinner table or in the smoking room, or if he should overstep the bounds of propriety by practical joking, he is extremely likely to receive a courteous but decidedly plain hint from the Captain through his steward. On one occasion a flashily-dressed young woman, who, crossing from Liverpool to New York, caused considerable comment among the rest of the passengers by her outrageous and open flirtation with a young man who had picked up an acquaintance with her shortly after leaving port. They remained on deck at night long after the other passengers had retired. This went on for two nights, till the Captain's attention was drawn to the proceedings of the two. Then he interfered. He sent a civil message to the young woman, intimating to her that he expected all the ladies on board to be in their rooms by 11 o'clock.

There is nothing of the sneak or the spy about the ship's Captain, but as he is responsible for his ship and for his passengers he takes pains to know constantly that everything is proceeding circumspectly.

Not long ago a young priest, who had come for the first time to the United States on a mission, went astra. On his return trip on a Cunarder he drank so heavily that he was on the verge of delirium tremens. The Captain saw his condition and directed the steward not to supply him with any more liquor. This order was strictly complied with till the bracing air on the water had brought the unfortunate priest to himself again. Another matter that the Captain looks carefully after is excessive gambling on board. Of course, he cannot and does not object to a quiet little game of poker, but if any hint of heavy betting reaches his ears he quickly interferes to put an end to it.

With the men under him the Captain's nod is law. He is one of the hardest working men himself on the ship and he sees to it that every other peg fits exactly into its hole.

The deepest lake in the world, so far as known, is Lake Baikal, in Siberia. While 9,000 square miles in area, or nearly as large as Lake Erie, it is 4,000 feet to 4,500 feet deep, so that it contains nearly as much water as Lake Superior. Its surface is 1,350 feet above sea level, and its bottom nearly 2,900 feet below it.

Some idea of the vast extent of the surface of the earth may be obtained when it is noted that if a lofty church steeple is ascended and the landscape visible from it looked at, 900,000 such landscapes must be viewed in order that the whole earth may be seen.

SHERMAN'S MEMOIRS.

(Continued from first page.)

the letters "U. S." on everything, including his desk, papers, etc. I asked him

IF HE DID NOT FEEL FUNNY.

"No, not at all. The thing was inevitable; secession was a complete success; there would be no war, but the two Governments would settle all matters of business in a friendly spirit, and each would go on in its allotted sphere without further confusion."

About this date, Feb. 16, Gen. Twiggs, Myers's father-in-law, had surrendered his entire command, in the Department of Texas, to some State troops, with all the Government property, thus consummating the first serious step in the drama of the conspiracy, which was to form a confederacy of the cotton States, before working upon the other slave or border States, and before the 4th of March, the day for the inauguration of President Lincoln.

I walked the streets of New Orleans, and found business going along as usual. Ships were strung for miles along the lower levee, and steamboats above, all discharging or receiving cargo. The Pelican flag of Louisiana was flying over the Customhouse, Mint, City Hall, and everywhere. At the levee, ships carried every flag on earth except that of the United States; and I was told that during a procession on the 22d of February, celebrating their emancipation from the despotism of the United States Government, only one National flag was shown from a house, and that the house of Cuthbert Bullitt, on Lafayette Square. He was commanded to take it down, but he refused, and defended it with his pistol.

The only officer of the Army that I can recall as being there at the time, who was faithful, was Col. C. L. Kilburn, of the Commissary Department, and he was preparing to escape North.

Everybody regarded the change of Government as final; that Louisiana, by a mere declaration, was a free and independent State, and could enter into any new alliance or combination she chose.

Men were being enlisted and armed to defend the State, and there was not the least evidence that the National Administration designed to make any effort by force to vindicate the National authority. I therefore bade adieu to all my friends, and about the 25th of February took my departure by railroad for Lancaster, via Cairo and Cincinnati.

Before leaving this subject, I will simply record

THE FATE OF SOME OF MY ASSOCIATES.

The Seminary was dispersed by the war, and all the Professors and Cadets took service in the Confederacy, except Vallas, St. Ange, and Cadet Taliaferro. The latter joined a Union regiment as a Lieutenant after New Orleans was retaken by the United States fleet, under Farragut. I think that both Vallas and St. Ange have died in poverty since the war. Maj. Smith joined the rebel army in Virginia, and was killed in April, 1865, as he was withdrawing his garrison by night from the batteries at Drury's Bluff, at the time Gen. Lee began his final retreat from Richmond. Boyd became a Captain of Engineers on the staff of Gen. Richard Taylor, was captured, and was in jail at Natchez, Miss., when I was on my Meridian expedition. He succeeded in getting a letter to me on my arrival at Vicksburg, and, on my way down to New Orleans, I stopped at Natchez, took him along, and enabled him to effect an exchange through Gen. Banks. As soon as the war was over, he returned to Alexandria, and reorganized the old institution, where I visited him in 1867; but, the next Winter, the building took fire and burned to the ground. The students, library, apparatus, etc., were transferred to Baton Rouge, where the same institution now is, under the title of the Louisiana University. I have been able to do them many acts of kindness, and am still in correspondence with Col. Boyd, its President.

Gen. G. Mason Graham is still living on his plantation, on Bayou Rapides, old and much respected.

Dr. S. A. Smith became a Surgeon in the rebel army, and at the close of the war was Medical Director of the Trans-Mississippi Department, with Gen. Kirby Smith. I have seen him since the war, at New Orleans, where he died about a year ago.

Dr. Clark was in Washington recently applying for a place as United States Consul abroad. I assisted him, but with no success, and he is now at Baltimore, Md.

After the battle of Shiloh I found among the prisoners Cadet Barrow, fitted him out with some clean clothing, of which he was in need, and from him learned that Cadet Workman was killed in that battle.

Gov. Moore's plantation was devastated by Gen. Banks's troops. After the war he appealed to me, and through the Attorney-General, Henry Stanbery, I aided in having his land restored to him, and I think he is now living there.

Bragg, Beauregard, and Taylor enacted high parts in the succeeding war, and now reside in Louisiana or Texas.

[*To be continued.*]